LITTLE
TOM TUCKER.

Embellished with 16 *Wood Cuts.*

YORK:

Printed and Sold by R. Burdekin,
Pavement.

Price One Halfpenny.

CHILDREN'S BOOK
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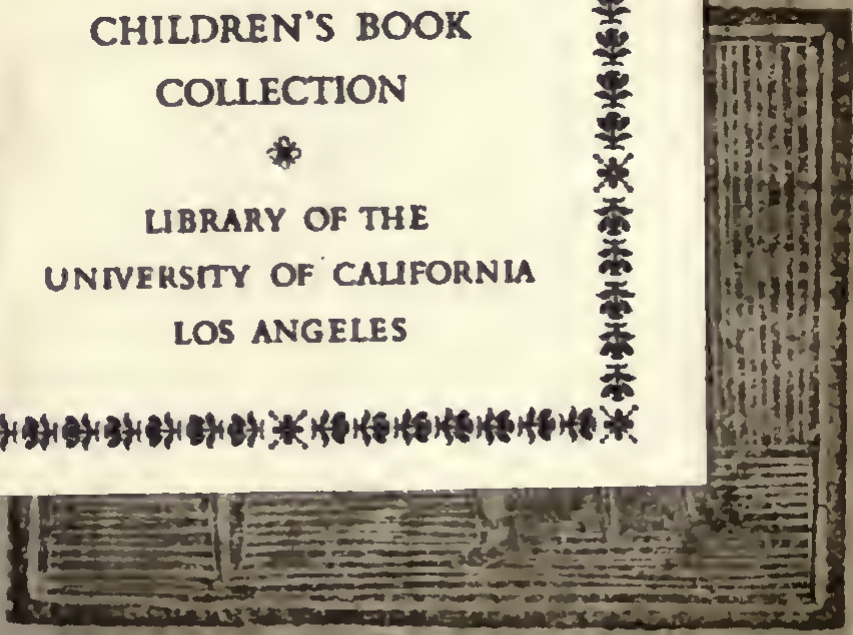

Little Tom Tucker,
Sing for your supper,
What shall I sing for,
White bread and butter.
How shall I cut it,
Without any knife;
And how shall I marry,
Without any wife.

Tho' little Tom Tucker,
Loved white bread & butter
He did not love learning
his book;
So when he went to school,
They drest him like a fool,
With the cap on his head,
Only look.

Tom lov'd playing at top,
And often would stop,
For to have a game in the
street;
Tho' he knew 'twas a fault
And if he was caught,
He well might expect to
be beat.

He loved well to play,
By night or by day,
He could trundle his hoop very well;
But thought he knew better,
Than to learn one letter,
For fear they should learn him to spell.

A man from the fair,
Came by with a bear,
With a monkey that rode
upon Bruin;
Tom followed to see,
More blockhead was he,
For it caused him to play
the truant.

At home he for blame,
When next morning came,
To school he went creeping quite sad,
Where his master did flog,
And chain him to a log,
For being so naughty a lad

Says Tom, this won't do,
I'm a dunce it is true,
All boys that can read are
my betters,
So be learned, A, B, C,
And D, E. F, G,
And soon all the rest of the
letters.

Then Tom learned to spell
And went to school well,
With satchel and books at
his back;
No more would he stay,
To play by the way,
With Ned, Bill, Harry or
Jack.

Then Tom learnt to read,
Quite pretty indeed,
And very soon after to write
Now Tom was so good,
He might play when he would,
Without being put in a fright.

Tom kept learning his book
And cheerful did look,
Of the fool's cap no longer
in fear;
Got his master's good word
Was head scholar prefer'd,
And a fine medal to wear.

He had a whip and a top,
Bought him at the shop,
And a great many play-
things beside;
And his father, with joy,
Bid him keep a good boy,
And he should have a horse
for to ride.

This horse he soon got,
That could amble and trot,
Only see how he gallops
along,
He always at ease is,
And does as he pleases,
But takes care he never
does wrong.

One day he went out,
And walking about,
He met an old woman so
poor;
He gave her all his pence
She returned him her
thanks, (have more.
And hoped he soon would

One Midsummer day,
He met a lady gay.
And he being grown a
young man,
He asked her to marry,
Nor long did she tarry,
As Tom's father before him
had done.

Now Tom's got a wife,
And Tom's got a knife,
And Tom can sit down to
his supper,
As blest as a king,
And each night can sing,
After eating his white
bread and butter.

R. Burdekin, Printer, York.